

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Naguall?

Cal. Lo, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee. *Ste.* *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell. inuisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

Ariell. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou iesting Monkey thou:

I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.

I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I lay by Sorcery he got this Ile From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will

Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st)

But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compall?

Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe,

Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py de Ninnie's this? Thou scuruy patch: I do beseech thy Greatnesse giue him blowes,

And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him Where the quicke Freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o' doores, and make a Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:

Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that,

As you like this, giue me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not giue the lye: Out o' your wittes, and hearing too?

A pox o' your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time

Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him Ith afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him, Hauing first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge

Batter his skull, or punch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember

First to possesse his Bookes; for without them

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not

One Spirit to command: they all do hate him

As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,

He ha's braue Vtenils (for so he calles them)

Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall.

And that most deeply to consider, is

The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe

Cal's her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman

But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she;

But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*,

As great'st do's least.

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth braue brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and

I will be King and Queene, saue our Graces: and *Trin-*

culo and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes:

Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee:

But while thou liu'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe,

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure,

Let vs be iocund. Will you trouble the Catch

You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason,

Any reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs sing.

Sings.

Flout 'em, and cont 'em: and skowt 'em, and fount 'em,

Thoughts be free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipes.

Ste. What is this fame?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the pic-

ture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes:

If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgiue me my finnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I desie thee;

Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Ile is full of noyses,

Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not:

Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments

Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices,

That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,

Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,

The clouds methought would open, and shew riches

Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd

I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will proue abraue kingdome to me,

Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by:

I remember the storie.

Trin. The sound is going away.

Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monster,

Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer,

He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?

Ile follow *Stephano*.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir, My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience, I needes must rest me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse

To th'dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest:

Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it

No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd

Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks

Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope:

Do not for one repulse forgoe the purpose

That you resolu'd t'effect.

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night,

For now they are oppress'd with trauaile, they

Will not, nor cannot vie such vigilance

As when they are fresh.

Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prospero on the top (inui-

sible:) *Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Banquet;*

and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and

inviting the King, &c. so eat, they depart.

Seb. I say to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harken.

Gon. Marvellous sweet Musicke.

Al. Giue vs kind keepers, heauens: what were these?

Seb. A liuing Drollerie: now I will belecue

That there are Vnicornes: that in Arabia

There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix

At this houre reigning there.

Ant. He beleue both:

And what do's else want credit, come to me

And Ile besworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,

Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they beleue me?

If I should say I saw such Islands;

(For certes, these are people of the Island)

Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note

Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of

Our humane generation you shall finde

Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;

Are worse then diuels.

Al. I cannot too much muse

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing

(Although they want the vse of tongue) a kinde

Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They haue left their Viands behind: for wee haue sto-

Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Al. Not I: I am not for such feasting (Boyes

Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were

Who would beleue that there were Mountayneeres,

Dew-lap-like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em

Wallers of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we finde

Each putter out of sine for one, will bring vs.

Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and feede,

Although my last, no matter, since I feele

The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,

Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpy) claps

his wings vpon the Table, and with a quient deuice the

Banquet vanishes.

Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny

That hath to instrument this lower world,

And what is in't: the neuer surfeited Sea,

Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island,

Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,

Being most vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;

And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne

Their proper selues: you fooles, I and my fellowes

Are ministers of Fate, the Elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at Stabs

Kill the still closing waters, as diminish

One dowe that's in my plumbe: My fellow ministers

Are like-inuulnerable: if you could hurt,

Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,

And will not be vplifted: But remember

(For that's my businesse to you) that you three

From Millaine did supplant good *Prospero*,

Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)

Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,

The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue

Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures

Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*

They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me

Lingring perdition (worse then any death

Can be at once) shall step, by step attend

You, and your wayes, whose wrachs to guard you from,

Which here, in this most desolate Ile, els fals

Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,

And a cleere life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: then (so soft Musicke.) Enter the

shapes againe, and dance (with mockes and mowes) and

carrying out the Table.

Pro. Brauely the figure of this Harpy, hast thou

Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had deuouring:

Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated

In what thou had'st to say: so with good life,

And obseruation strange, my meaner ministers

Their feuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work;

And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp

In their distractions: they now are in my powre;

And in these fits, I leaue them, while I visit

Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is droun'd)

And his, and mine lou'd darling.

Gon. I th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you

In this strange stare?

Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous:

Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,

The windes did sing it to me: and the Thunder

(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd

The name of *Prospero*: it did bafe my Treipasse,

Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and

I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet sound'd,

And with him there lye mudd'd.

Seb. But one feed at a time,

Ile fight their Legions ore.

Exit.

Ant.

B